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ANOTHER PARTY HEARD FROM.

NEPTUNE. — Great Whales! If those Yankees keep this up much longer I 'll have to move!

MODERN CONVERSATIONS.

"You are not going abroad, are you?"

"Oh, no! The war, you know. Is n't it horrid?"

"Horrid! I 'm so sorry for those poor re-con — "

"Oh! I know what you mean — re-con-centra-dos. I practised it all one evening."

"I must. It 's almost necessary to know. What were we? — Oh, yes! Will you go to the seashore?"

"U'm! May be. Papa says there 's no danger. I hate the mountains."

"So do I. Still, they 're better for the complexion. Oh! by the way, something dreadful! You know, those shirt waists?"

"Yes, yes. You don't mean to say that — "

"Yes, I do! *There was n't one left.*"

"Oh! What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I actually cried over it."

"I don't wonder. I got mine last month."

"I could n't. My allowance — "

"Why did n't you have them charged?"

"I wanted to, but Papa — "

"I know. Papa said the same thing, but I persuaded him. He 's awfully good."

"I wish I had tried. Now it 's too late."

"Never mind; — you may pick up something."

"I don't know. I could get some French patterns, but I won't."

"Nor I. Is n't it dreadful the way they 've acted?"

"Is n't it? I believe in being patriotic; don't you?"

"Indeed, yes! The women ought to be, I think; and I 'm so sorry about those — "

"Re-con-cen-tra-dos. So am I. Dreadful, is n't it?"

"Just horrid!"

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

MOTHER. — Some men, you know, can be coaxed when they can not be driven.

MARRIED DAUGHTER.—Oh, yes! but I should hate to be compelled to resort to persuasion.

THE NEW SHORTER CATECHISM.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. — What is necessary to salvation?

TOMMY *(who reads the papers)*. — Coal!

SHE IS LEARNING SUBTRACTION, ALSO.

"Yes, sir," proudly exclaimed the haughty Castilian; "Spain is adding nobly to her history these days."

"That 's true!" remarked a more thoughtful Señor; "but does n't it strike you that she is not doing the same thing by her geography?"

TRUTH CRUSHED to earth will rise again; but, in the meanwhile, there is usually time to get out several war extras.

GOD MADE the country, man made the town; the train service between the two is supposed to be a device of the devil's.

WET WEATHER.

"This weather is the wine of life,"
Remarked my friend McGuggy;
"'T is lager beery, sir," said I,
"For it is slightly muggy."

A VICTIM OF JOURNALISTIC LIARS.

ORATOR. — In this land of great newspapers there is still something lacking — something important, something, I may say, vital. What is it?

VOICE *(raspingly)*. — News!

EDITORIAL SARCASM.

EDITOR *Daily Hustler*.—That is a copy of our paper, is n't it?

FRIEND. — No; this is the *Howler*.

EDITOR *Daily Hustler*. — Well, the *Howler* is a copy of our paper!

ANYBODY ELSE WOULD KNOW.

VILLAGER *(with dignity)*. — No, sir; this is a Prohibition town, and I don't know where you could get liquor.

STRANGER. — Don't you? You must be a Prohibitionist.

THE THOUGHTS, even of the greatest minds, come in assorted sizes.

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HIS COURSE.

DINGLEY.—Where are you going to spend your vacation, old man?

BINGLEY. — I 'm not going to take any vacation this year. I 'm all broken up, weak, nervous, and a general wreck. I 'm in no condition to stand a vacation. I shall stay home and rest.

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NO BOARD FOR HER.

"Yes, Ethel, he proposed and I accepted him."
"What, Gladys! Without consulting Papa and Mama?"
"Yes; I 'm not going to have any board of strategy running my affairs!"

AT A VENTURE.

TEACHER. — Can you tell me, Robert, what it was Commodore Perry said after he had defeated the British on Lake Erie?

ROBERT *(errand boy at Lacy & Ribbon's)*. — Yes 'm; he said, "is there anything else to-day?"

MIXING THINGS UP.

CAPTAIN. — What 's that rumpus down in the company street?

LIEUTENANT. — Nothing serious. Some Georgia troops are trying to sing Yankee Doodle, and a party of New York men are replying with Dixey.

A REFLECTED ARRANGEMENT. — I.

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MRS. STOUT. — Oh, John! is n't the scenery perfectly beautiful?

MR. STOUT. — Really, my dear, I am not in a position to say. When we come out together the next time perhaps I can arrange to see it.

AQUARELLE.

A DAINTY MAID
Who 's half afraid
To brave the waves' caresses,
Stands smiling, mute,
In dainty suit
And curling, golden tresses.

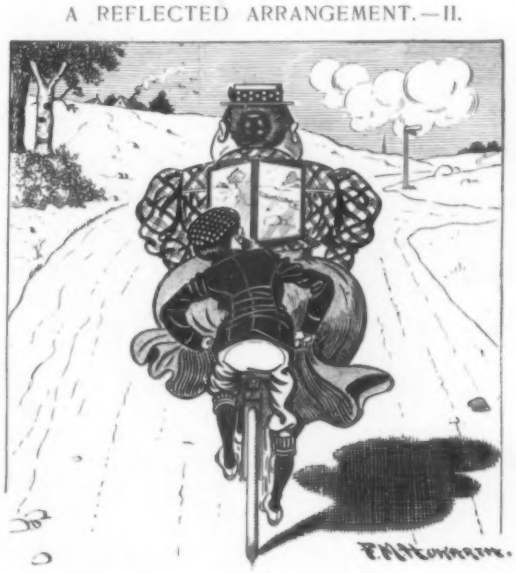
But manly arm
'Twixt her and harm
Encourages advances.
To whispered cheer
Breathed in her ear
She answers with coy glances.

With valor rash
She goes. A splash!
A scream her shock expresses.
Then,— maiden mute
In draggled suit
And stringy golden tresses.

AN IGNORAMUS is a spontaneous agnostic.

GLITTERING GENERALITIES do not illuminate the Path of Success.

A REFLECTED ARRANGEMENT. — II.



MR. STOUT *(the next time)*. — Yes, my dear; I don't suppose that these mirrors are a very beautiful adornment, but they at least give me a reflected view of the country through which we are passing.

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AT CONEY ISLAND.

COHENSTEIN.—So you t'ink dot Gypsy vorchun-deller vas a fake?
ISAACS.—Yes; she toldt me dot I vould suvver a *lass* by fire.

SOMEWHAT SURPRISED, HIMSELF.

MAMA.—I 'm surprised at you, Johnny!

JOHNNY *(thoughtfully)*.—I wonder if you 'll ever get used to me, Mama? You 're always surprised at me.

AN ENDORSEMENT.

PATENT MEDICINE MAN.—I don't know whether to publish this testimonial or not.

HIS PARTNER.—What is it?

PATENT MEDICINE MAN *(reads)*.—"Your cough syrup has been used with wonderful success on my boy, aged ten. He confesses that he would rather go to school any time than take your preparation."

HIS CAPABILITY.

MAN IN THE CHAIR.—You are a very rapid workman. How many persons can you shave in half an hour?

BARBER.—Eight men, or one Populist.

EDIBLE SWEETNESS.

"Does she dress with taste?"

"Yes, indeed! She always looks good enough to eat."

A VERY SUGGESTIVE TERM.

MR. SKYLIGHT BOARDERBEE *(to horseman)*.—Will you excuse me if I interrupt you in the story of your horse-race, to ask you a brief question?

MR. FOURINHAND.—Certainly, sir.

MR. SKYLIGHT BOARDERBEE *(earnestly)*.—I only wish to ask, if, in using the term, "Neck-and-neck," you refer to the condition in which stewed chickens are served at a boarding-house?

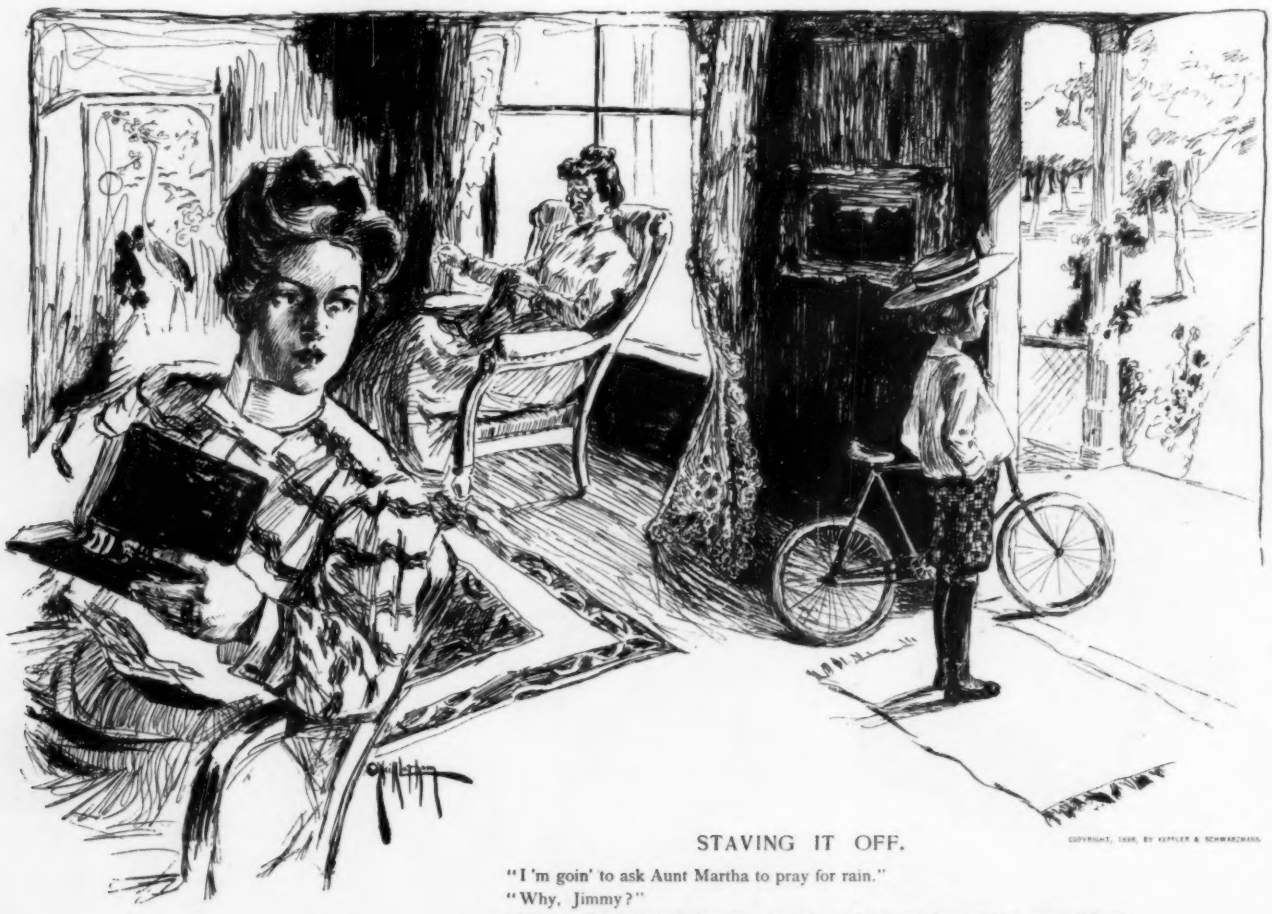
A COLD WATER APPLICATION.

FRIEND.—I think an occasional glass of liquor is well enough—

PROHIBITIONIST.—Humph! I believe in letting well enough alone.

WE NEVER know how little we value a thing, until the bill comes in.

A SWEET FACE—The Baby's When He Gets Candy All Over It.



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STAVING IT OFF.

"I 'm goin' to ask Aunt Martha to pray for rain."

"Why, Jimmy?"

"'Cause; I 'm afraid it 's going to rain, and I heard her say she never did get anything she asked for."

WOMAN, HEROIC WOMAN!

ALTHOUGH THE poets are never done dissecting women, it does not seem to me that they are given sufficient credit for their chief trait — heroism.

Men are self-conscious in their heroism. Before them as an incentive they see their names in history, or, at least, in the daily papers, a decoration, a medal, a nomination for office, a pecuniary reward — something to repay them for the risk of their lives; but woman is heroic at all times, calmly and often unconsciously, with no hope of reward or even a vote of thanks.

Notice a woman in a street-car. Where is the man who would have the bravery to occupy three seats while six people were standing? His cowardly heart would quail before the battery of eyes, yet a woman — weighing, perhaps not more than ninety pounds — will do it every day in the week. Also notice her getting on or off a street-car. You could n't hire a man to get off backwards, risking injury or death if the car should start unexpectedly, but a woman will do it every time; even when it is much easier to get off frontwards. What does she care for danger? Nothing, absolutely nothing; and man may well profit by her example.

On a railway journey a woman's heroism is particularly prominent. A man would be afraid to call on the porter nine times an hour for advice and assistance and then leave the train without so much as a look. Nor would he dare to occupy the washroom for forty-five minutes, for an elaborate toilet, to the exclusion of all the other passengers. A woman never falters in such emergencies.

A woman also comes out very strong in a business way. A man would never have the nerve to buy a suit of clothes, wear them a week, and then demand his money back. He is simply incapable of buying something for ten cents, reduced from seventy-five, and then bringing it back to have it exchanged. He dare not face the floor manager, aisle boss and twenty sales persons, and talk them all down when he knows he 's lying.

Take, for instance, a Broadway dealer in wet goods who advertises — "To-day only! Bargains in Cocktails! Any Kind — Nine cents each — Three for a Quarter. No more than Three sold to any one Customer!" When the counter is eight deep, you never see a man brave enough to push his way through the serried ranks, dig his elbow into one man's ribs, put out another man's eye with an umbrella, step on ten men's toes, and say, "Give me three." Now a woman would n't hesitate a moment if it was stockings.

Burglars have no terrors for woman. There a suspicious noise downstairs. What does a man do? He cringes under the bedclothes, or, if he is of exceptional courage, he calls out in a gruff voice, "Who 's that?" so as to frighten away the robbers. What does the woman do? She pokes the man in the ribs, and says, "Why don't you go and see? They might carry off all the house for all you 'd care. And there 's the new tie I bought, and baby's cap on the rocker. D' ye hear? Are you going to let us be murdered in cold blood?" Just that way; perfectly fearless of the consequences.

Yet woman is willing to concede that man is brave. In an emergency she always says: "Oh! I wish I were a man! Would n't I go there, and?—" and do something or other which the men are not hankering to do. It never occurs to her that she can not be a man, and if she could she would be just as cowardly. But that is her nature; reckless of consequences to others, utterly fearless of censure if it occurs to her that she ought to do it, and braving every danger that she does not realize. What would we do without her?

Sidney.

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QUESTION.

FIRST COLLEGE STUDENT.— Are you going to take a position as waiter in one of the Summer hotels this Summer?

SECOND COLLEGE STUDENT *(loftily)*.— No! It is out of the question! You see, I have just graduated and am now a full-fledged physician!

FIRST COLLEGE STUDENT — Yes, but heavens, old man! How are you going to live?

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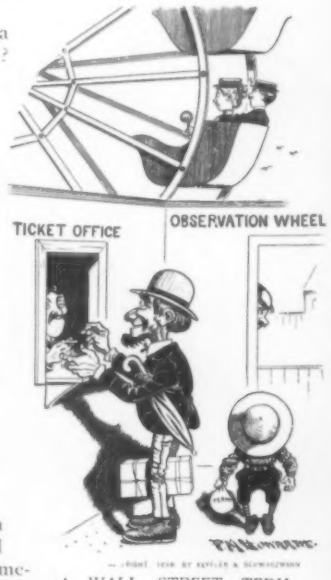
A DEFIANT PATRIOT.

"May has gone to Asbury Park."

"She won't like it. I understand they won't let you wear any kind of a showy bathing suit."

"Well, May intends to wear a red-white-and-blue bathing suit and defy them to object to it!"



A WALL STREET TERM.

"BUYING FOR A RISE."

AN EXPLANATION.

SHE.— Why do they call this the "Realization" race?

HE.— Well, if a man who has been betting on the races up to this time does n't realize that he is a fool, this race is apt to supply him with additional evidence.

A PENNY SAVED is a penny earned; for it is a good deal of work to save a penny.

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HOW SHE KNEW.

"My wife does n't play chess; but she can always tell when a game is growing interesting."

"How?"

"Well, she says the more worried I look the more I 'm enjoying it."

THE OLD RELIABLE ENTERTAINER.

MRS. HAYRICK.—Oh-h-h-h! Oh! Oh!

FARMER HAYRICK.—What on airth 's the matter?

MRS. HAYRICK.—Some city folks air comin' ter see us an' we can't find the fam'ly album! How 'll we ever entertain 'em?

IRRESPONSIBLE.

WILLY ROCKINGHAM.—Yaws, Miss Gussie; I would get married, but I dwead the responsibility.

MISS GUSSIE.—Oh! no one would hold *you* responsible. The responsibility for such a thing would rest on the shoulders of the woman who married you.

FIXING THE DATE.

LITTLE ELMER.—Pa, when is a man really old?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—Whenever he reaches the point where his ideal woman is one who is a good nurse.

THE PROVIDENT man lays up a store of bread for the morrow, which moulds in the night. Next day he worketh and fasteth. But he who buys to-day's bread with to-morrow's wages, can lay off the rest of the week and eat bread pudding. Such is life!

LOVE LAUGHS even more heartily at logic than at locksmiths.

IT IS not always the man who makes the biggest show in the world that amounts to the most. A copper cent will cast as big a shadow as a five-dollar gold piece.

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REQUIRED AN ESCORT.

UNCLE NED.—Yo' little bruddah 'll soon know de way ter school hisse'f.

SAMMY.—He knows de way all right; but ef I did n't bring him de little cuss 'ud play hookey!

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

OUR FOREIGN GUESTS.

WAR MAKES strange diversions. Having provided soldiers, rations, arms and ammunition, our war officials may have believed that they had reached the last of their duties. They did not suspect that they would be compelled to look after the general comfort and transportation home of the Spanish army in Cuba. Yet they are now facing these obligations, and they are doing quite as well as could be expected. Accommodations have been provided for such of the f.e as it has been thought desirable to keep among us, and from all reports they seem to be not inferior to the accommodations of the average Summer-resort. As a Summer hotel-keeper Uncle Sam will probably do so well that his at present unwilling guests will revert fondly to the memories of his hospitality when another Summer comes. It is probable, also, that he will be obliged to inaugurate a series of popular excursions between Santiago and Cadiz. Doubtless they will be made both instructive and pleasant for the twenty-five thousand or so passengers. The latter may have preferred to remain in Cuba, but it is best for them to go home. They would only get into trouble if they staid here. Let us hope that Uncle Sam will do as well in these novel occupations as he has in others more familiar to war.

AS TO PEACE.

TO GIVE proper credit to the peace-rumors that are flying about at random it should be remembered that they correpond pretty nearly to the war rumors that afflicted us for two months before war began. Taken collectively they are signs of a general tendency, but no one of them will do to lean upon. Nations are as apt to take their time about making peace as about making war. The most potent peace overtures up to date have been those conducted by our naval and military forces around Santiago, not forgetting, to be sure, the appealing argument for peace made by Admiral Dewey at another place on the map. We are against a foe that has shown slight disposition to listen to any peace arguments except those made by our gunners, and we can hardly hope that they have yet learned the folly of opposing these. The surrender of Santiago is the sign of an awakening to realities on Spain's part, but her history promises that we shall have to administer two or three more shakes to her before she will sit up from her dream and see things as they are.

OUR MILITARY SAGES.

THERE could have been few minds more relieved by the surrender of Santiago than those of the editors and war-correspondents who so ably conducted that rigorous campaign. A few more days of the deadly strain they were under might have resulted in some miscalculation on their part that would have brought us defeat instead of victory. The New York *World* had become demoralized and was showing up the cowardice of the troops that had faced death around the besieged city; that sterling young magazine veteran, Mr. R. H. Davis, was saying awfully severe things in the *Herald* about the way our Generals were doing their work, and Mr. Hearst of the *Journal* had been completely upset. A few days before the surrender all seemed to be well. He telegraphed his paper that "All military authorities of the War Department agree heartily with Mr. Hearst's recent and urgent suggestion for immediate action against the enemy at Santiago." But twenty-four hours later it was seen that this superb commander had lost his head, for news came that he was about to issue an edition of the *Journal* in Cuba. The hardened immunes in New York trembled for the safety of those defenseless men in the trenches, but there was no time for action. Mr. Hearst's mad scheme was carried out, and the next day fourteen cases of yellow fever were discovered in camp. Happily the disease is not of the malignant type, and no great losses are expected. It is to be hoped that these newspaper commanders will soon be restored to health, as the campaign against Porto Rico should not be long delayed.

THE VOLUNTEER.

I.

USED TO boss him in the store
And oversee his work,
For I had charge of one whole floor
And he was just a clerk.
To-day it 's different, if you please;
We 've changed respective pegs.
I 'm private in the ranks — and he 's
Got stripes
down
his
legs.

II.

The girls, whose smiles were once for me,
Now scarce vouchsafe a glance,
Such great attraction can they see
In decorated pants.
The erstwhile clerk no longer my
Indulgence humbly begs.
I 'm down below. He 's up on high,
With stripes
down
his
legs.

III.

It 's "Private Jones, do this and that."
In haste I must bestir —
To Jenkins, on whom oft I 've sat,
I 'm told to answer "sir!"
One born to rule, it 's come to pass
Of woe I drink the dregs; —
I 'm in the army, with, alas!
No stripes
down
my
legs.

Edwin L. Sabin.

PAPA'S OPINION.

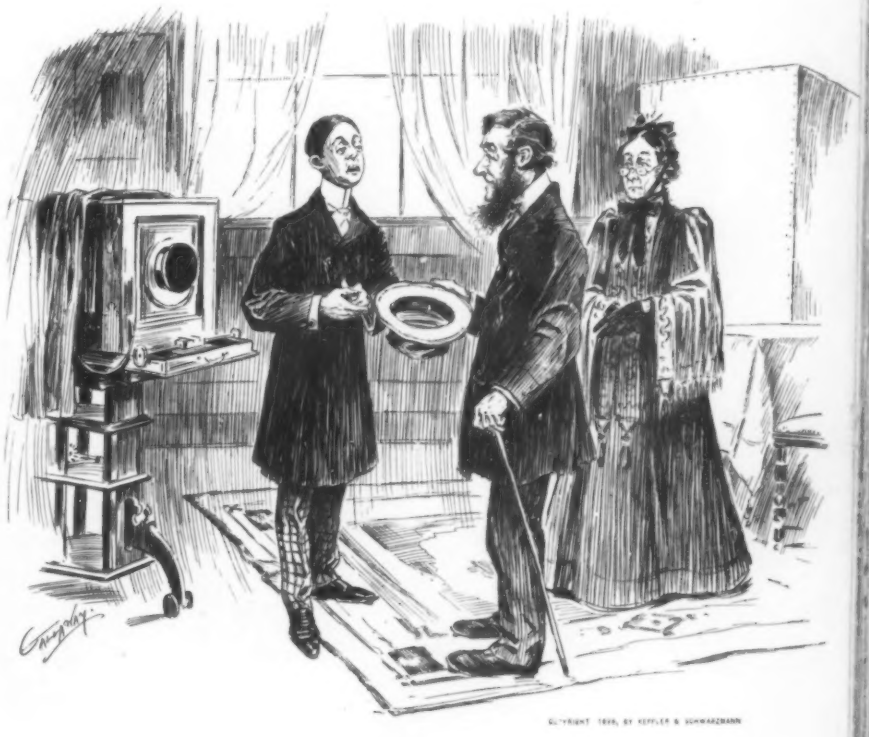
HE. — I guess der Spanish fleed von't do no shellin' oudt here.
SHE. — I guess nod. Papa says der only shellin' oudt here vill be vot der Summer boarders vill haf to do.

A DEFINITION.

TEACHER. — What do you understand by strategy?
PUPIL. — Catching the Spanish fleet.

THE TIME FOR WAR.

UNCLE SILAS. — It 'd been better if this war had come in the Winter.
UNCLE HIRAM. — Why so?
UNCLE SILAS. — Oh! the evenings 'd be so much longer, an' the stores allers keep open later.



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THE RESULT.

CUSTOMER. — I wondered if these amateur photographers did n't hurt your trade. So many folks take snapshots nowadays.

PHOTOGRAPHER. — They don't hurt us. When a man has his picture taken by an amateur he feels like going right off to a professional to show that it is n't the way he looks.

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A TRIFLE EMBARR

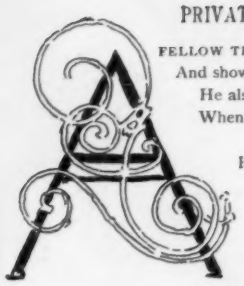
UNCLE SAM. — Gosh! I wish they would n't come quite so many in a bunch; but, if I've got to

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

E EMBARRASSED.

ut, if I've got to take them, I guess I can do as well by them as I've done by the others!

PRIVATE RAWREKROOT AND THE DRILL SERGEANT.



FELLOW THEY called "Sergeant" stood us up in two straight rows
And showed us how to hold our guns and where to point our toes.
He also ordered us to "dress," and bade us do it "right"—
When we were wearing, then and there, the nicest clothes in sight!

He told us we must "order arms," but did not say from where,
Nor mention who would pay the freight; he did not seem to care.
But he gave me such a stony look I felt quite petrified
When I ventured to suggest to him that we were now supplied.

He told us to "present" our guns. I bowed and offered mine —
When with a scowl as black as night he walked me back in line.
And then he swore a martial oath—"By the Right Flank, March!" he said.
And he asked where I was going when I started straight ahead!

We simply could n't please the man, no matter what we 'd do—
His own mind for a minute I am sure he never knew.
He 'd have us change position; — then, "As you were!" he 'd roar.
With "March!" and "Halt!" and "March!" again, our patience how he wore!

I hear them call him a "non-com."—and that 's just what he is.
No sane man could be capable of conduct such as his.
And teachings in the trade of war how dare a mere apprentice
Accept from an instructor known to be *non compos mentis?*

A. J. Slater.

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A WESTERN OPINION

ARIZONA IKE.—Lord! but them Chinese are a pore lot uv cattle!

CACTUS CAL.—They can't help it! China 's even furder East than Noo York!

REGRET.

THE EDITOR.—We could get big prices for liquor advertisements if we would publish them in the *Coldwater Gazette*. Of course, we would n't think of such a thing!

HIS WIFE.—And yet, surely, there is no publication in which they would do less harm.

IN THE STUDIO.

PAYENTS.—That 's the second five dollars young Ezell has borrowed of me this week.

BRUCHUZ.—Of course! Retouching is his specialty.

THE DOGS of war are not subject to tax except when they are allowed to run loose.

THE WISDOM OF A CHILD.

SAGASTA.—Have no fear, Your Majesty; we can beat those accursed Yankees in the long run.

ALFONSO XIII *(thoughtfully)*.—In a long run, yes; but can we beat them in a fight?

CLUBS AND CLUBS.

"You have your club, of course?"

"It 's more of a club for my wife, since she found out about the things they do there."

IN EXTENUATION.

ASKINS.—I understand that Miss Oldangles, whom young Whoopler married recently, is very wealthy?

GRIMSHAW.—Oh, yes! There were extenuating circumstances.

DIFFICULT.

HIS WIFE.—How in the world will you ever catch that first morning train?

HER HUSBAND.—Why, I 'll get up the moment I wake!

HIS WIFE.—But, my dear, you 'll have to get up much earlier than *that!*

TRUTH IS stranger than fiction, and, therefore, does n't require such glaring headlines.

SOME PEOPLE seem to feel that they have been mistreated every time anybody they know succeeds.

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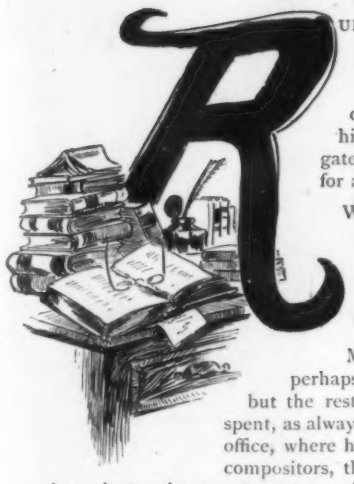
AN OBJECTION.

LITTLE SISTER.—Let 's play it 's a Spanish boat.

LITTLE BROTHER.—Oh, no! There 's no fun being a Spanish boat!

VACATION NOTES.



RUDYARD KIPLING may spend his Summer in the Klondike. Although he can amass gold far more rapidly by staying at home and letting his typewriter pan out his thoughts, yet he feels it due to his own versatility that he should investigate a region that may be willing to pay well for a National Ode.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS thinks of going to Griddle-Cake Corners for his Summer outing. It is time for his dose of New England country life, and he takes it without a murmur.

MR. F. M. CRAWFORD may perhaps take a half-day vacation, but the rest of his Summer will be spent, as always, in his private printing-office, where he talks his books to the compositors, thereby gaining the time that other authors waste on typewriters and messenger boys.

MISS MARIE CORELLI will doubtless be invited to go junketing with Queen Victoria or others of royalty. She will take her official photographer with her, and her pictures will appear in the half-tone magazines with their usual regularity.

MR. IAN MACLAREN will hoot away at his charming country place, "The Bonnie Brier Patch," and answer letters from admiring anonyma and Ladies' Reading Circles. He may also write up, "How I Came to Have My Book Dramatized."

MR. STEPHEN CRANE will go to war. His highly-colored stories of the fun he has there will be brought out by the highest syndicate bidder. Mr. Crane's red, white and blue adjectives will be very useful to him in his new experiences.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH having become hopelessly involved in the labyrinthine mazes of his own verbosity, will spend the Summer trying to get himself out.

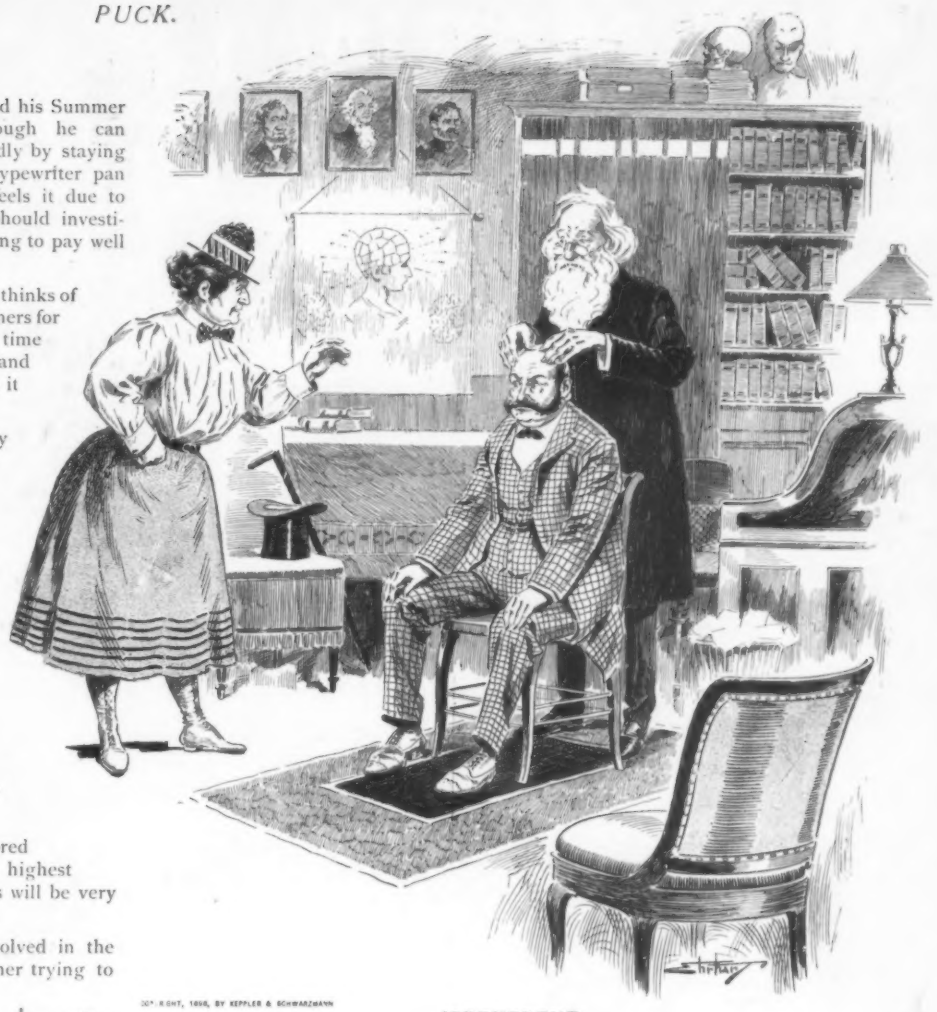
MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE will spend his Summer writing "The Request of the Golden Girl," a sequel to his immortal work, and a further exposition of the gifted author's girlishness.

MRS. F. H. BURNETT will rent a small house in Billingsgate, London, where she will stay in hopes of enlarging her vocabulary of quality.

MR. HENRY JAMES has established a day nursery. His "Maisie" having proved such a success, he hopes to discover another such type among the little ones committed to his care.

MR. HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ'S plans for the Summer have not been divulged, for he gets mad if any one asks him "*Quo Vadis?*"

Carolyn Wells.



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IRREVERENT.

PHRENOLOGIST *(to* MR. WHEELER*)*.— You lack reverence.

MRS. WHEELER.— You are right, Professor, you are right! He *never* goes to church! He is the most irreverent man I ever met! Why, if you will believe me, he even ridicules the bicycle!

JOY FOR JOHNNY.

"Johnny, this great nation is making history now."

"Yes, Pa;—and, as I 'm in it, I won't have to study it when it is printed in a book, will I, Pa?"

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

JOHNNY.— Did you heah of Algy's patwiotism, old chap?

JACK.— No! What did he do? Enlist?

JOHNNY. — Certainly not! His man did, though!

MANY A man who thinks he is thinking is merely digesting yesterday's newspaper.

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THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

DUSTY RHODES.— Say, Weary! I 'm goin' to dem Fillypener Islands. Dey say dat all de food yer need grows right on trees.

WEARY WALKER *(with a look of scorn)*.— Dat 's just like yer! Yer ain't got no far-sightedness. Don't yer know dat dem people as lives in der Tropics are so blamed lazy dat yer would n't be able ter git no one ter pick it off fer yer?

HIS MANAGER.

"No," said the great pugilist; "I can't fight you at present, but some day I may give you a chance."

"Why not now?" asked his rival.

"You would better consult my board of strategy," answered the other, signifying that the conversation was ended.

QUITE TRUE.

"Ah!" said the Spanish statesman, mournfully; "if we had not persisted in putting things off till to-morrow!"

"But," argued the other Spanish statesman, "if we could only have continued to put things off till to-morrow we would n't have had any trouble yet."

EXPECTED TO LOSE HIS JOB.

"We have here," said the subordinate, "a terrible situation."

"Yes," said the Spanish general; "and when they learn the facts in Spain we may not have any situation at all."

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY AND SO JUSTLY PRAISED AS

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE, the FAMOUS TONIC for BODY, NERVES and BRAIN.

GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD Says:

"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manœuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."
From "The London Sketch."

MAX O'RELL,
The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:

Your Vin Mariani is positively marvellous; one glass put me on my feet; one bottle made a new man of me.
Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

MARIANI WINE is invaluable at this season of the year, when, owing to trying climatic conditions, the system is especially susceptible to attacks of debility and prostration.

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MARIANI WINE is a tonic prepared upon careful scientific principles. It contains absolutely no injurious properties. It gives power to the brain, strength to the entire nervous system, firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It has been aptly described as a promoter of good health and longevity.

MARIANI WINE is specially indicated for General Debility, Weakness from whatever causes, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption, Malaria and La Grippe.

MARIANI WINE is an adjuvant in convalescence and a powerful rejuvenator. For Overworked Men, Delicate Women, Sickly Children it Works Wonders. Taken with cracked ice, it relieves Summer Prostration quickly and effectually. It soothes, strengthens and sustains the system.

To those who will kindly write to MARIANI & CO., 52 West 13th Street, New York City, will be sent, free, book containing portraits with endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other interesting matter.

ALL DRUGGISTS. *AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.*

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Rochester, N. Y.

CLARA.—I see Cynthia has decorated her room with guns, pistols, swords, and the like.

CORA.—Yes; she always has been a great girl for having arms around her. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

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adds neatness and comfort to the wearing of
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Keeps the Stocking Free from Wrinkles
DOES NOT BIND
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BOSTON, MASS.

WHAT HE WANTED.

TICKET SELLER.—You want picnic tickets? We're not running any picnics.

JOHN.—Me wantee two tlicket—one go, one come black—so can savee ten centee.

TICKET SELLER.—Oh! You want excursion tickets.

No. 4711 WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP.

Transparent as crystal. The strictly hygienic properties and absolute purity, as well as the refined and delicate perfume of this toilet soap, have placed it at the apex of all.

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32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, } NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE 20 Beekman Street,
All kinds of Paper made to order.

"WHAT was the sermon about, this morning, Robby?"

"It was all about a circus wagon, Papa."

"Robby, my boy, you are wrong; they don't talk about circus wagons at church."

"Indeed they do, Papa; the sermon to-day was all about a man what went to heaven in one of those chariots!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Volunteers — Put yourselves in fighting trim with a bottle of *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters to regulate your digestion.

THERE are very few things that are just right in this world, but our opinion is one of them.—*West Union Gazette.*

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will GO OFF ONLY at the critical moment.

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Old, Mellow and Delicious.
Reinvigorates and Restores.
The Purest Type of the Purest Whiskey.

A DOCTOR who really believes in the efficacy of medicine, is dangerous.—*Atchison Globe.*

"AMERICA'S GREAT RESORTS,"—48 pages, with map, sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp by GEORGE H. DANIELS, G. P. A., New York Central, New York.

VAN BIBBER CIGARETTES OR LITTLE CIGARS.
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So far, the doctors have persuaded people to have everything else cut out but their tongues.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Great Western

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RHEIMS, - N. Y.

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S. S. PIERCE CO., Boston

BARKEEPERS FRIEND
METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre, never spots, guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

WHAT a great amount of foolishness is clothed in the guise of "entertaining!"—*Atchison Globe.*

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On Your Outing

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200 Illustrations

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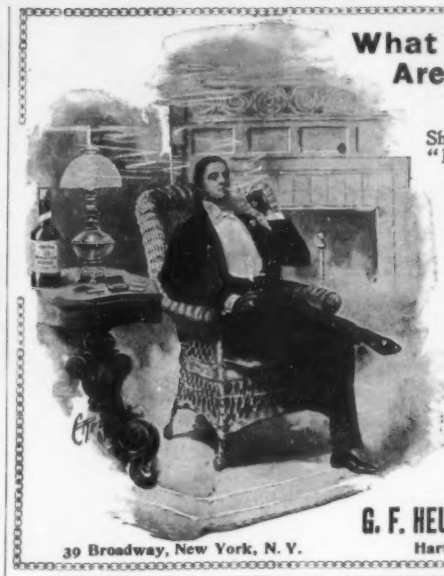

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"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

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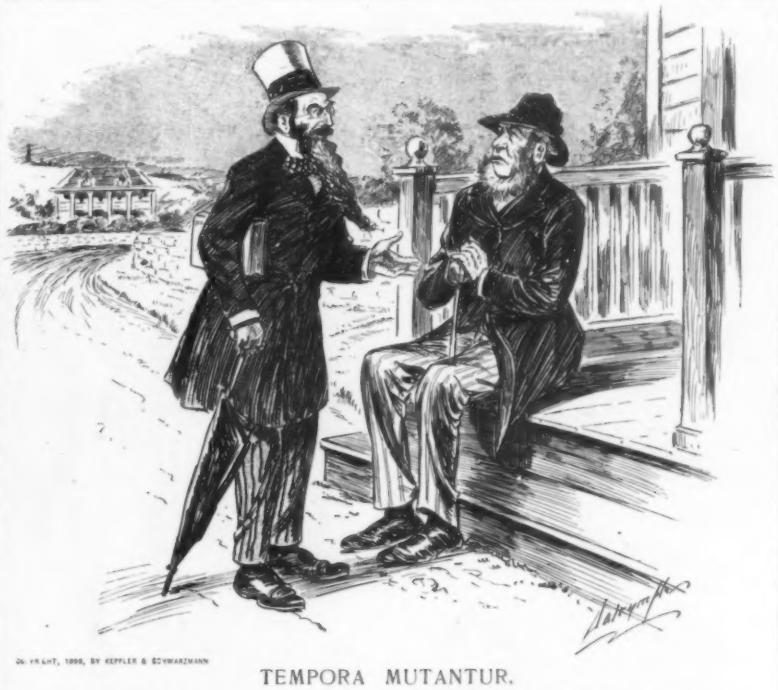
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.
39 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

EVERY time you advise a man, and tell him he is running up against a stone wall, he thinks it is a bluff.—*Adams Freeman.*



TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

UNCLE REUBEN. — Seems to me that folks wears their Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes more 'n they useter when we wuz young.

UNCLE SILAS. — Yes; but they don't go to meetin' so much as they useter.

THE man who invented alcohol was an Arab. He died nine hundred years ago, of delirium tremens. If he had invented a nutmeg grater or a car-coupler, he might be alive to-day.—*Port Jervis Gazette.*

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CHINA AND JAPAN
is by the
EMPRESS STEAMERS
from Vancouver. Sailing every three weeks. Fast route to Philippine Islands. Descriptive pamphlets on application to CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, 353 Broadway, N. Y.

SPORTER, '98. — Suppose you were in a little game and you wanted to see the strength of a man's hand?

CHIPS, '99. — I should use the X raise, of course. — *Harvard Lampoon.*

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beat two pairs, but one pair of

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beats two pairs of any other make.

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Non-elastic in places for durability.

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Address, *PUCK, New York*

To the Editor of the New York Times:

I noticed in *The Times's Saturday Review* for Feb. 12 a letter from Mr. William M. Morse, in which that gentleman dwelt upon his need of a list of books containing short stories of sufficient merit to be compared with "Van Bibber and Others," by Richard Harding Davis.

I would seriously advise Mr. Morse to procure a copy of "Short Sixes," by the late Henry C. Bunner, who was infinitely a better writer and a keener observer of the workings of human nature than Richard Harding Davis. Having read "Short Sixes," Mr. Morse will undoubtedly desire to read something more of the same description from the pen of Bunner, which he may find in a little volume entitled "More Short Sixes." This latter book was published shortly after the enormous success of the former, and is virtually a continuation of it. Both these volumes contain many captivating tales, most of them written in a humorous vein, with little touches of pathos, such as Bunner alone knew how to apply. WALLACE D. JENNINGS.

New York, Feb. 14, 1898.

—*N. Y. Times*, March 26, 1898.

THE trouble is, a man who confesses ignorance on any point always imagines he is so all-fired smart for doing it.—*Washington Democrat.*

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BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

To cheer a truly loyal heart,
And lively spirits to impart,
Naught can compare with
EVANS' ALE.

Can any taste this drink divine
And then compare rum, brandy, wine
Or aught with
EVANS' ALE?

Then let us crown the cheerful glass,
And, sportive, bid the minutes pass
In quaffing good old
EVANS' ALE.

Oh, blest potation! still by thee
And thy companion, liberty,
Do health and mirth prevail
To tell the virtues of
EVANS' ALE.

BIFKINS. — Would you speak of a cranky man as being eccentric?

SNIFKINS. — No — as off his eccentric.—*Bicycling World.*

LIVING AND SHOW.

FOREIGN VISITOR. – Does it cost much to live in New York?

HOST.—No, sir; it does n't cost much to live in this city; but it costs like Sam Hill to keep up appearances.—*New York Weekly.*

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.

COMMISSIONER *(to Civil-Service applicants for positions in the custom house).* —When was the diamond duty most burdensome?

BRIGHT CANDIDATE.—Just before my marriage, sir.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Gold Seal Champagne

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Also Sweet, Dry Catawba and Port Wines

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DAYS OF HORROR.

FIRST TRAVELER. — I was in Paris during the siege.

SECOND TRAVELER.—I was in New York during the draft riots.

THIRD TRAVELER.—I was in Scotland when the railway strikers paraded the streets with bagpipes.—*New York Weekly.*

AN ABANDONED OP.

"Pedalton used to be very fond of saying there is no such thing as perfection in life."

"Yes; but that was before he bought his new bicycle."—*Washington Star.*

MRS. PEPPERLY.—Give you ten cents for a drink? I guess not! You already had a drink of that miserable liquor.

WEARY WILLIAM. — Quite right, Madam; but you 'll admit that misery loves company.—*Adams Freeman.*

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The PUCK ...PRESS — Puck Building New York...

SOME men are so mean that when they attend a ball game, they want to see the home team beaten.—*Atchison Globe.*

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LUKEWARM.

FIRST OFFICE BOY *(bitterly).*—De ole man kin wear de American flag, but he ain't much of a patriot.

SECOND OFFICE BOY.—Why not?

FIRST OFFICE BOY.—He called me down fer whistlin' de "Star Spangled Banner."

Cook's Imperial Champagne, extra dry, is a most delicious wine. It has a delicious flavor. Keep it in your ice chest.

Appetite gone? The truant will soon return when Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters, are sent to seek it. Take only the genuine—"Abbott's."

WHEN a Christian Scientist loses a patient, the people raise a big howl; but nobody pays any attention when a regular doctor loses a patient. It is regarded as a dispensation of Providence. — *Atchison Globe.*

MRS. LAKEVIEW. — Do you think the 13th is an unlucky date on which to get married.

MRS. EASTSIDE.—Yes, indeed! I was married on the 13th of the month, and, would you believe it, it was nearly a month before I could get a divorce.—*Norristown Herald.*

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Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes:

Inebriety—A Disease.

Inebriety, Morphine and other Drug habits are dependent upon a diseased condition of the nervous system. The victim of the disease again and again puts forth the most heroic efforts to reform, but his disease is too absolutely overpowering to be conquered by resolutions. The will-power he would exercise if he could is no longer supreme. Alcoholic stimulants have so congested the delicate nerve cells that they cannot respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the helplessness of the victim's condition is as inexplicable to himself as it seems inexcusable to his friends.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

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Kansas City, Mo., 716 W. 10th St.
St. Louis, Mo., 2803 Locust St.
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Newark, N. J., 745 High St.
Buffalo, N. Y., 358 Niagara Ave.
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Cincinnati, Ohio, 431 Elm St.
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Address the Institute nearest you.

Keeley Catechism sent on application.

"Non-Heredity of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed upon application.

OBLIGING.

TOURIST. — Can you tell me where Mr. Greencorn's cottage is?

SMALL NATIVE. — I can for a nickel.

TOURIST.—Here is the nickel; now where is it?

SMALL NATIVE.—It 's burnt down.—*Bicycling World.*

"I AM of the opinion," remarked the reader of the daily journals, "that this fighting around Manila is nothing more than a paper affair."

And it took the stout man with the brown moustache fifteen minutes to see the point.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE present is merely that part of the future which has n't turned out as expected.—*West Union Gazette.*

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
OF THE
AWARD ON GILLOTT'S PENS
AT THE
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
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AN old man usually has a lot of sense, but is often so cross that he can't use it. —*Atchison Globe.*

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Velour Glacé,
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Real Lace Curtains.
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NEW YORK.

THE tocsin of war is to many people an anti-toxin for fight.—*Adams Freeman.*

OPIUM and **Liquor Habit** cured in **10** to **20** days. No pay till cured. **Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.**

NO one can escape doing something foolish at a picnic.—*Atchison Globe.*

TURNED ON HIM.

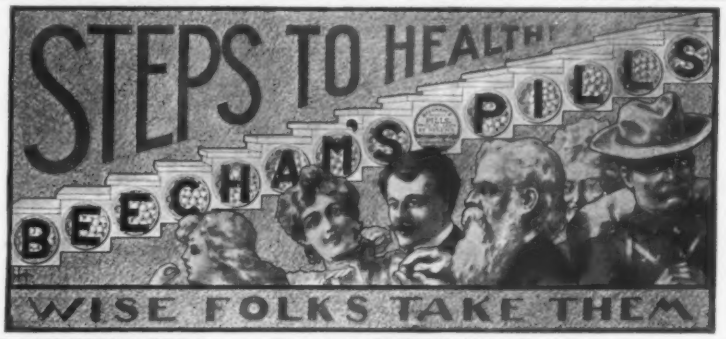
HE.—I 'm surprised to see a bird on the hat of a tender-hearted woman like you. I could never bear to wear anything that cost the life of an innocent animal.

SHE.—I suppose that the calf from the hide of which your shoes are made, died of old age.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ONE INDUSTRY BARRED.

SCIENTIST.—The work of our Christian missionaries in Africa is sure to be of incalculable benefit. Think what a country it will be when opened up to civilization!

MR. SUBURB *(reflectively).*—It will be a poor place to raise chickens.—*New York Weekly.*



SIGNIFICANT.

HE *(ardently).*—"All the world loves a lover," dearest!

SHE.—You have n't met Papa yet, have you?

"PROCRASTINATION
IS THE THIEF OF TIME;
YEAR AFTER YEAR IT STEALS,
TILL ALL ARE FLED."
Sozodont
ARRESTS DECAY OF THE TEETH
and prevents their loss. It also cleans them without injury, strengthens the gums, perfumes the breath and imparts a most refreshing sensation.
HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK *Proprietors* LONDON
A sample of Sozodont and Sozoderma Soap for the postage, three cents.

THE office boy thinks that from 4:55 to 5 o'clock is the longest hour in the day.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

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English Language

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NO matter how well read the man, he will always make a bull of it in trying to describe how a skirt is gored.—*Adams Freeman.*

CHEW
Beeman's

The Original
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

REMEMBER the heros who can write war poetry but don't.—*West Union Gazette.*

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BOKER'S BITTERS
An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

AN AMBIGUOUS COMBINATION.

JEWELER.—What shall I engrave in it?

CUSTOMER.—G. O. to H. L.

JEWELER *(hotly).*—What 's that, sir?

CUSTOMER *(meekly).*—George Osborne to Harriet Lewis—but just the initials, please.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

"PROTECTION" SOAP.—What is it?— ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR BARBER. PRICE 50 CENTS | WILLARD CHEMICAL CO., MALDEN, MASS.
A GERMICIDE FOR MEN AND WOMEN, AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR PILES, ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

JUL 27 1898

JAYSON *(petulantly)*. — This shutting up the house and going away for the Summer is all right if I only had a wife with a little memory to help me remember the thousand-and-one things to do; but *I* have to remember everything!

"Well, are you ready at last, Mrs. Forgetfulness? I don't know what you would do without me and my wonderful memory — Oh! it is wonderful, too! Now, for the last time, have you forgotten anything?"

MRS. JAYSON *(timidly)*.— Oh, dear me! I do believe I forgot to lock that shutter in our bedroom. Please go up and lock it, Henry dear!

JAYSON *(angrily, rushing into the bedroom)*. — I never saw anything to beat it in all my life! Burglars would n't have done a thing here while we were away with this open window leading right out on the back shed.

"By the great horn spoon! If she has n't left the tickets here on this table! That woman is brainless. But I 'll teach her a lesson. I will put them in my pocket-book and say nothing until we get down to the boat, and then ask her where the tickets are that I gave her to take care of."

MRS. JAYSON *(from downstairs)*.— Henry, dear, I forgot to turn out the gas in the third story front room. Will you please go up and turn it out.

JAYSON *(wildly, as he makes a dash for the third story front)*. Ye gods of Rome! This will drive me insane!

JAYSON *(wild with rage)*.— Now, come on! We have just fifteen minutes to catch that boat. If there is anything else forgotten there is going to be trouble. Madam, I will soon teach you a lesson you will not readily forget.

(As they reach the dock and the whistle blows). — "Well, here we are, Mrs. Forgetfulness! Now, where are the tickets? I gave them to you, yesterday. Forgot them? Ha! Ha! Ha! I know you did. I found them on the table in the dressing-room, and put them in my pocket-book.

"It takes *me* not to forget. *I* am the only one in *our* family with a speck of brains. *(Excitedly.)* What did I do with that pocket-book? I surely — Heavens! I bet I left it home on that table. There goes the last whistle! No money, no tickets; that settles *us!*"

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A LESSON IN FORGETFULNESS.

AND WHY JAYSON TEACHES THAT LESSON NO LONGER.